

open House

I wish for [little] things.

[Things that I can fix and finish] without visioning how [grand] it all could be if we would just take it to 10,000 feet and [free it] to the skies.

For me, I hope for eyes to see horizons closer to my knees; that the plentiful plain and simple [bunking perpetually near my nose] would come to pose within my every-day vista [and thereby keep me from dozing off at the wheel of being relevant].

Steal from me my eye gate, will you?

Fill and fuel my hands with [unadorned] to-dos germane to the unremitting [reason I am here].

Confuse my [elaborate ways] so I may settle into [my part] in the art form of contribution.

For I waste away in my [sleeping in] and mis-employ my longings as I sit waiting for my [good life] to begin.

My gala jubilee and fiesta jamboree, [my Mardi Gras and party] start the moment that I see it [there] laying at my feet and greet its swelling of my soul.